THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE;

The friend of Socrates--the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

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For the Observer.

GENERAL PAOLI.

(Continued from page 262.*)*

Paoli having compleated what appeared to him to claim his first attention, directed his thoughts once more to the Genoese forces in the island, and concerted measures to resist their power, and, if possible, to effect their utter expulsion. The people under his command, with the exception of a few factious and turbulent individuals, had now become tolerably united, and cordially co-operated with the ruling powers. Strong measures were therefore adopted to harrass the enemy; a small marine was fitted out to molest them on their own element, and a spirited manifesto was published, inviting the Corsicans to come forward, and to exert their utmost power to emancipate themselves from the bondage under which they had so long groaned. These proceedings, as was natural, alarmed the Genoese. They well knew, by a dear bought experience, the courage and intrepidity of the islanders, and they now beheld with trepidation and alarm, the increased energies with which they had been inspired by the wise counsels and animating example of their patriotic commander. Fearing that delay would only tend to establish their power, and render them firm and invincible in their cause, they first of all tried to gain them over by persuasion, and published a manifesto couched in such terms as were well calculated to lull the suspicions and appease the resentment of a people less wary and less sensible of their injuries than the Corsicans; but with them no such artifices could prevail; and the only effect produced by their proclamation was a resolution of Paoli and his brave associates in arms, never to treat in any manner with them until they should think proper to abandon

their absurd claims to the sovereignty of the island, and recognise its freedom and independence. All prospect of negociation being thus broken off, the affairs of the Corsican patriots assumed a most serious aspect. This year, therefore, (1761) they addressed a memorial to the sovereigns of Europe, in hopes of inducing some of them to interfere in their behalf, or to become a party in their struggle for liberty and even for existence as a nation; but their appeal produced no effect to their advantage. On the contrary, it seemed rather to aggravate the fears of their enemies; and Paoli, while lamenting the indifference of the European powers to the cause in which he was embarked, had the mortification to find one of the most formidable of them confederating with the opposers of his country, and entering into an agreement to supply them auxiliary troops to support their tyranny. This was the court of Versailles, which, in the year 1764, entered into a treaty with the Republic of Genoa to supply them with six battalions to garrison the towns which they still held in Corsica. Nothing can well be conceived more mean and unworthy a great nation, than this grant of aid to the Genoese, to rivet the chains and embitter the bondage of the unhappy islanders.* It was stipulated, indeed, that these troops should act merely on the defensive, and that their sole object should be, to preserve for the Genoese the towns already in their possession. But this reinforcement had the effect of suspending the operations of Paoli, who did not wish to provoke the French nation to open warfare by any hostilities against its troops, however unjustifiable their visit to the island might be considered. During the four years for which this treaty was to remain in force, Paoli confined his attention principally to such regulations as were necessary to preserve the country from being harrassed and plundered by these auxiliaries; and the only military operation of consequence which took place in this interval, was an attack upon the small island of Capraja in the vicinity of Corsica, then in the possession of the Genoese, which,

* Rousseau, in a letter to a friend, animadverts with just severity on this transaction. "Il faut avouer," he observes, "que vous Francais, sont un peuple bien servile, bien vendu a la tyrannie, bien cruel, et bien acharne sur les malheureux. Si ils savoient un homme libre a l'autre bout du monde, je crois qu'ils iroient pour le seul plaisir de l'exterminer." Boswell's Corsica page 138.

after a vigorous assault, was carried by the patriots in the month of May, 1767 *

While Paoli and his followers were anxiously waiting the expiration of the term, during which the Genoese were to receive the assistance of the French forces sent to the island, an event happened, which threw a dark cloud over this devoted country and its brave defenders, and excited the indignation of every considerate man in Europe. The Republic, beholding the unyielding constancy with which the Corsicans maintained their cause, and reflecting upon the immense expences of the contest they were carrying on against them, entered into a negotiation with the French court to transfer the island, and actually concluded a treaty, whereby they disposed to them all their claims, such as they were, to its possession and sovereignty. As a preliminary step in the ratification of this treaty, the towns then garrisoned by the French troops were to be considered as ceded to France, and the remainder of the island was to be recovered from Paoli by the French themselves, either by negotiation or by force. The French minister, the Duke de Choiseul, was certainly very ill advised in this unfortunate bargain. Notwithstanding the lesson which the fatal experience of the Genoese might have taught him to the contrary, he appears to have thought, that in the hands of France the conquest or the subjugation of the island might be accomplished without much difficulty; and, little knowing the firm and determined character of genuine patriotism, exerting itself in the defence of all that is dear to man, he made overtures to Paoli to forego any farther opposition, and to suffer the French government to take quiet possession of their purchased territory. To induce his compliance, it was proposed to him to recognise his com-

* During some part of the four years here spoken of, there was a considerable faction in the island, in opposition to Paoli, which was encouraged and supported by the afterwards celebrated general Dumouriez, whose services Paoli had declined to engage. Some Corsican officers, probably seduced and urged on by this party, made an attempt to assassinate the Corsican chief, but they were discovered and arrested. When brought before him, he addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, although you proposed to take away my life, which gives me a lawful power over yours, I shall not take that advantage. Return then in peace, and examine from this moment whether I deserve your enmity. I am ready to submit if you find a single article to lay to my charge." Gentleman's Mag. Vol 34. Page 351.

mission as commander in chief, and to continue to him that rank and authority, with this only, though indeed essential, difference, that he was to hold it under the supreme authority of the French government. But Paoli was not to be so easily inveigled into the toils of a corrupt court. He rejected its proposal with becoming dignity and spirit, declaring that "the rocks which surrounded him should melt away ere he would betray a cause which he held in common with the meanest Corsican." Negotiation having thus proved ineffectual to corrupt this Timoleon of modern times, the French minister found he must have recourse to more powerful means to force his submission. The war was begun by the French troops already in the island, under the command of the Count de Marbeuf; but as it was soon perceived that this force was too small and insignificant to prosecute any offensive operations of consequence, a reinforcement, consisting of about five thousand men, under the command of the Marquis de Chauvelin, was sent to its assistance. These troops landed at Bastia, flushed with the most sanguine hopes of victory, considering it impossible that so disorderly and ill accoutred an army as that of Paoli appeared to them, could long hold out against so numerous and well-disciplined a body as themselves. The event, however, proved that they were mistaken. In their first attack, indeed, they proved successful, and forced their enemies to relinquish the intrenchments, which they had formed on the heights of Croce, Maillebois, and St. Antonio; but being too highly elated with this advantage, they pursued their career with too little circumspection, and fell into a snare, which Paoli, who had withdrawn his troops to the other side of the Guolo, had laid for them. They were suddenly attacked by five or six thousand men, under the command of Clement Paoli, the brother of Pascal, and routed in all directions. Paoli immediately proceeded to lay siege to Borgo, a strong position, of which the French had obtained possession in their first success, and which had been entrusted to the command of M. de Lude. Having no artillery, their menaces were regarded as impotent by their enemies, and treated with ridicule. The Corsicans, however, invested the place on the fifth of December, and blockaded De Lude and his troops so completely, as to cut off all com-

munication between him and the main body, and to deprive him of all supplies of water for himself and his men. At length his situation became so desperate, that M. de Chauvelin conceived it to be his duty to risque the safety of his whole army to endeavour to relieve him. Accordingly, an ill conducted attack was made on the Corsicans, which terminated in their comple success. The French forces were driven back with the loss of about three hundred men, and De Lude obliged to capitulate with all the infantry, the colours of the royal legion, and four pieces of artillery, while the victorious Corsicans had not to lament the loss of one man in any part of the engagement. After this signal defeat, in which Paoli and his brave countrymen covered themselves with glory, M. de Chauvelin retreated in consternation to Bastia, leaving his conquerors in quiet possession of the field they had so nobly won. The French commander soon afterwards returned home in disgrace, and Marbeuf succeeded him *pro tempore*. A suspension of arms was agreed upon between the new commander and Paoli; but Dumouriez, who served in the French army as adjutant-general, being at variance with Marbeuf, determined not to remain idle. Under pretence that the Corsicans in oppesition to Paoli, were not included in this treaty, he intrigued with several of the principal families among them, agreed to carry on the war at their head, and actually assaulted the post of Isola Rossa, and took the tower of Giralette by storm. This impotent warfare was, however, soon terminated; and the Corsican patriots had leisure to direct their thoughts to operations of greater consequence. Elated by their late successes, and willing to avail themselves of the favourable opportunity which the consternation of their invaders offered for the purpose, they entered into a regular and systematic conspiracy to destroy, or utterly expel them from the island. "All the quarters occupied by the French were to be assaulted at one and the same time, and six battalions that wintered in Oletta were to be murdered by their hosts. This massacre did not take place, but the general attack was carried into execution. A battalion of the regiment of La Mark was surprised and cut off in the Patrimonio."* Reprisals ensued, and the war again broke out with increased violence.

(To be continued.)

* Life of Dumouriez, vol. i. page 154, from which the preceding

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Continued from p. 267.)

Swammerdam thus proceeds "it is certainly very difficult to explain in what manner worms are bred in living animals, as for instance in the livers of oxen, in the kidneys of dogs, and even in the bloodvessels, as is observed by that celebrated anatomiſt Ruyſch. For my part, I freely own I want ſufficient experiments to form any ſolution of these ſurprising phenomena; though I have met with great numbers of different kinds of worms in the living healthy bodies both of land and water animals, and even of fowls and flying insects; however on this occaſion, I cannot, as yet, advance any thing satisfactory."

He next quotes an event which was communicated to him, and which was perhaps the first that attracted public notice respecting the œconomy of the ichnuemon fly. "I must not omit a circumstance which I heard from Otto Marsilius, the late famous painter of flowers and insects. It was this, that he had seen, when caterpillars were busy in divesting themselves of their skins, or when they had just performed the operation, and were grown faint and weak with the fatigue of it, a great many flies piercing the bodies of such caterpillars, and depositing in the wounds so made, little eggs; from which proceeded the worms that are every year found in caterpillars. As yet, I must own, I never saw, myself, this strange operation: but allowing it to be a fact, it would perhaps greatly help us in explaining the generation of worms found in the viscera, or bowels of larger animals, provided especially such worms were found afterwards to turn into flies, or other winged insects, which as yet, I have not been able to determine experimentally, notwithstanding my pains and attention, on the observation of changes of this kind. Admitting Marilius's account to be true, and that some of the perforations he observed were made into veins and arteries, and eggs were deposited in such perforations, there can be no difficulty in conceiving how the circulating

account of the campaign of 1763, has been chiefly derived. He was an eye witness, and may therefore, in this instance, be admitted as competent authority.

blood might have diffused these seeds of animals all over the body. It must however be acknowledged that these things are, as yet buried in a cloud of darkness, which obscurity nothing but the brightest light of experiment can ever dispel. In the mean time we may see, by the manner in which we are affected by the stinging of a bee, how an animal, without getting into our bodies, may convey a smaller into it, capable of producing great alterations; for the Bee, at the same time that it gives the wound, insinuates by it, a drop of poison."

Here this sagacious philosopher reasons correctly, and consonant to the dictates of common sense; in the following paragraph he suffers his imagination to suggest reflections that vary from premises so strictly tenable.

"As to the opinion of some people that worms found in our intestines are from the eggs of animals which we have swallowed, it only deserves contempt, *being altogether contrary to sound reason*, unless the favourers of that system would at the same time allow that the eggs so swallowed are those bred in the intestines of other animals. This opinion cannot, by any other means be admitted, as it is quite inconsistent with the nature of things that an animal should live any time in a situation so different from that in which it naturally should live, and on food so different. Besides, for this to be true, it is requisite such worms, intended for living in other places, should also be able to endure the heat of the intestines, and of the fluids passing through them, a thing which no man in his senses can admit."

Can it appear, in the nature of things, essentially different, that eggs swallowed, or eggs inserted into the body through a wound inflicted by the parent fly should meet with a fate more ruinous in the first than in the last instance? We have seen that a fly deposits its eggs on the hair of a horse; that these eggs develope there, become a worm, are swallowed, and grow into a bot. We must be silent as to the injury derivable from the heat of the intestines, and the fluids that pass through them, because we cannot resist the evidence of our senses. This heat must be congenial to these animals, they could not otherwise acquire there all the properties essential to their nature—In the next paragraph he evinces the irresistable influence of truth.

"In regard to caterpillars indeed, I have observed four different ways in which worms lie hid in their bodies, and afterwards creep out of them. Those flies, adds the Translator in a note, which we see hatched out of a chrysalis, from which we expected a butterfly, is exactly the same with those produced from galls, and the other excressences of vegetables. The parent fly is guided by instinct to lodge her eggs in the body of the caterpillar, which can no way escape from its winged enemy. I have seen the operation, and the misery of the sufferer, whilst the skin was pierced by a sharp instrument attached to the tail, with which it inflicts numerous and terrible wounds. All the variation in the number and structure of the young is owing to the difference in genera of the assailing flies." But to return to our Author, who saw a part of, but not all the process; unable to judge except from what he saw, we are not to wonder that his conclusions were defective.

"The first way in which worms are concealed is when one or more make their way into the caterpillar, kill it by their corroding, and afterwards make their way out again through the skin. The second way is when two or three worms lay hold of a chrysalis, and after killing the inclosed animal, escape through the opening by which they entered. In a third way, after depriving the caterpillar of life and motion, the worms eat up all its inside; and this done, they bore or gnaw themselvs holes to creep out at, through the hardened skin. Fourthly when one or many worms treat a chrysalis in the same manner exactly in which the caterpillar is treated, as just mentioned." Experience has since shewn that this is not the manner in which the caterpillar and chrysalis are attacked. It is, as above stated, these flies pierce their bodies, deposit their eggs there, and it is the worms which proceed from these eggs that commit the depredations he has correctly described.

"There are several things to be considered in this place: First when the caterpillar happens to be killed by a single worm which afterwards fixes itsresidence between that creature's body and its web, then the worm spins itself another white oval web in which it changes into a nymph, and afterwards to a fly. But if the caterpillar is destroyed, being perforated by a number of worms (flies) there

these worms settle themselves under the belly of the dead caterpillar; when each of them makes for itself a gold coloured web, in which they cast their skins, then become nymphs, and at last assume the form of flies."

It is unnecessary to follow him through all the mutations of the assailing flies, or worms as he thought them to be when they made the attack. This has been already done from the observations of subsequent, and better instructed enquirers, the science having made nearer advances towards perfection. Swammerdam has every claim to merit; by his unwearied exertions, he made discoveries which filled the world with astonishment, and pointed out the way by which those who followed in the same career unfolded secrets of nature which equally tend to increase our knowledge of ourselves, and our admiration of their author. But he has made some remarks and offered opinions which are of importance to the object we have in view, and which shall be considered in the next number.

THEATRICAL.

Friday, 25th Oct.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

This play, it is generally known, was written by Shakspear to gratify Queen Elizabeth, who was pleased to express a desire to see the fat knight in love—for *love*, nine times in ten, we should substitute the word *lust*—for the whole of this piece is only a coarse display of that coarse animal passion, evincing the rude taste of the times, and the wanton imagination of the *virgin* Queen of England. Indeed her *sacred* Majesty, who, by virtue of her *kingly* office, was also head of the Church, was as fond of paramours as her late Majesty of Russia, and as capricious also. Leicester and Essex were her most especial *favourites*: in a fit of jealousy, she permitted the latter to lose his head on a scaffold; and, in a fit of envy to superiour beauty, she sacrificed the unfortunate Mary, of Scotland, to the eternal disgrace of her country. Yet this cruel and meretricious woman is called the *good Queen Bess*: so imperfectly are Sovereigns known and estimated by the unthinking multitude!

But the royal command could not enliven even the genius of the immortal Shakspear: this play is exeeedingly

inferiour to that part of Henry the 4th, whose Falstaff is pictured with a humour so highly drawn, as to have nothing like it in the whole circle of the Drama. Besides the vast inferiority of this play, we object to its conduct and its language. Not even Shakspear, all-powerful as is his name, should sanction vulgarity and coarse allusions. Much as we may censure Bigotry and Fanaticism, we still more object to any exhibition which tends to loosen the ties of morality, or lessen our attachment to pure virtue.

It is generally acknowledged, that the author, in his delineation of sir John Falstaff, in Henry the 4th, has exhibited so powerful a comic genius, that none but Shakspear could display.—Quin, Love, Shuter, and, we believe, Henderson, were eminent in this character; particularly Quin, who is said never to have been equalled. Such excellence, particularly in *this* play, we are not to expect. It is but justice, however, to acknowledge, that Mr. Warren has a correct conception of the very difficult part. Mr. Wood gave us a just representation of the jealous husband, and was a most powerful support to the piece. Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Jefferson were respectable in parts not of much consequence: and the inferiour parts were decently filled. The ridiculous quarrel between the Welchman and the Frenchman, was furnished, we suppose, in order to please the upper regions.——Indeed, the whole piece is no better than a farce of five acts.

The after-piece was a pleasant musical entertainment, entitled "MATRIMONY."—The scene is laid in Berlin: Our readers will see something like the foundation of this play in Moore's entertaining travels in Germany, where a couple first married for love, quarrelled, and were divorced; and then fell desperately in love with each other again: we do not know whether this be a just picture of *matrimonial* love in general; but if a little *seasonable* separation could safely be introduced by the wisdom of our legislators, who knows but it might be an excellent expedient to reconcile matrimonial disputants.

In this piece there was full scope for the various powers of that excellent and most useful actor, Mr. Jefferson. Mrs. Woodham looked and acted with her usual sweetness and propriety—We always look on this lady with pleasure, because we believe she is as good off the stage as she is en-

gaging on it. We are ſorry to hear that Mrs. Woodham is ſhortly to leave the company: they will not meet with her equal in America. Mr. Webſter this night ſhewed, that he can be a good actor when he pleaſes: his action was appropriate, his acceut was in character, and his ſinging was free from Italian ſhakes, ſhrugs, and diſtortions.

PHILO-CRITO.

ANATHEMA
AGAINST
NOVELS, THEATRES, & ACTORS,
BY A RIGID MORALIST.

As I am irreproachable in all things and my *reputation is "without spot or blemish,"* having the happiness not to be corrupt *as other men are* (Luke chap. 18) as my virtue is more austere than was that of John the Baptist or the Scipios; as wherever I have ſojourned I have left the most precious odour of the ſanctity of my morals, and my no less famous PHILANTHROPY; as my profeſſion is the most *reſpectable* in Society; as the integrity of my principles is unqueſtioned; and my diſintereſtedness ſo well known; as truth is ſo inherent in my character, that were *it banished from the rest of the Earth* as ſaid a certain King John, it would take *refuge upon my hallowed lips, and in my angelic boſom* . . . . . As my talents are ſo unbounded, my ſtile ſo harmonious, my logic ſo nervous, my wit ſo acute, my genius ſo ſublime, my name ſo *venerated*; as reſpect, honour and glory, are the juſt and univerſal tribute paid to the *delicacy of my taste*, my unſpotted purity, the dignity of my conduct and purſuits; my divine eloquence, the refined graces of my perſon, and in ſhort (to abridge this enumeration ſo diſtreſſing to my modeſty) as the infallibility ſo juſtly diſputed to the Pope is the natural attribute of all my celeſtial perfections, and entitles me to the confidence of all nations, I have undoubtedly the prerogative of paſſing judgment on the characters and reputations of Baltimore—of determining the boundaries of criticiſm and reſtraining the licentiouſneſs of the preſs, of impoſing ſilence on the impious who refuſe to bend their rebellious knees before me, and whoſe crooked and blundering eyes, miſtake the rays which environ my pericranium for the Ears of the great King Midas!!!

Progenies Viperarum! OH Race of Vipers! how long will you diſtreſs my chaſtity with your impurities? how long will you ſhock my wiſdom with your puerilities? how long ſhall my ſoul, more pure than CREAM COLOURED RAYS OF MOONSHINE be afflicted with your corruptions, and my ſpirit wounded by your brutality; how long in ſhort ſhall ſorrow, wring my heart at the hideous view of your vices, and your innumerable back ſlidings!!!.....

OH! with what anguiſh do I from the lofty ſummit of my perfections, behold Men abandoning themſelves to the ſtrong torrent of immorality; with what grief do I ſee them ſacrificing a time ſo precious in crowding upon one another like ſtowed Herrings to thoſe ſchools of corruption, there to learn new leſſons of profligacy and perfect themſelves in the ſcience of perdition! *O tempora! O Mores!*

Tell me ye *ſtiff necked generation of Vipers* for what purpoſe do you go to theſe receptacles of ſin, which you diſguiſe under the name of THEATRES? what go you there to ſee? brilliant and ſeductive vices deſpoiled of thoſe hideous colours in which immaculate writers like myſelf have laboured to depict them in all their native horrors, that youth and all claſſes of people might be inſpired with the deteſtation of them they merit.

The Emiſſaries of Satan who infect the air you breathe in theſe infernal temples, what do they do but preſent to imaginations already too inflammable, the paſſions as virtues or at leaſt as excuſeable weakneſſes, to which tears of ſympathy cannot be refuſed? Do you not ſee the delirium of love, hurrying away the moſt virtuous characters to criminality? Is not diſobedience to paternal commands repreſented as firmneſs of mind, and eloping with a lover a mere act of youthful levity which a Parent or a Guardian cannot without cruelty refuſe to pardon. The envious and the malignant, may there acquire new ſkill in deceit, and improve themſelves in all the ways of hypocriſy and defamation! Duelling is repreſented as heroic, the purſuit of revenge as noble, and ſuicide as an act of magnanimity worthy of tranſcendant ſouls!!!

Do not the arts practiſed by Lovers excite in youth the ſtrongeſt deſire of realizing in their domeſtic relations, what they there ſee applauded as acts of clever-

neſs or humourous frolicks—and for young girls ! ! ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Is it not a real ſchool of intrigue where they become adepts in all the wiles and tricks of coquettry and where they learn to liſten to the indecent double entendre and the obſcene wit of the profligate with the giggle of delight, inſtead of the crimſon bluſhes of offended modeſty ! Is not virtue, there ever compelled to ſome ſhameful capitulation or to be compleatly vanquiſhed receiving even the honors of war—and if theſe were the only ills generated by ſuch peſtilential aſſemblages ! but how many are there ſtill more dangerous ! ! !

Is it not there in a word that all moral irregularities are placed in the moſt captivating and alluring aſpect, by creatures whoſe attitudes, coſtume, and general example are ſo proper to kindle the volcano of the Paſſions, and excite impure inclinations in the moſt innocent hearts ; by creatures whom all living ſocieties reject, and from whom even *the Skeletons of the Chriſtians* of other days ſhrink back with horror if they dare to approach their ſacred manſions ! by creatures whom the laws of almoſt all Nations even Pagans have declared unworthy the rights and titles of Citizens, and incapable of being admitted as Witneſſes or being credited on their AFFIDAVITS (Novell. 71. capital de Charlemagne &c. &c.) Oh ! *progenies Viperarum !* ſuch however are the living Books in which you go to ſeek, ſay you, maxims and examples to correct your manners and reform your minds ! ! !

How ! in every word uttered by theſe Apoſtles of corruptions do you not in a myſtic ſenſe, perceive a toad, a lizard, or a winged Dragon iſſuing from their peſtiferous mouths, mouths which from hence I behold horrible as the jaws of Hell, and black as the kitchen chimney ! ! !

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! polluted and abominable race ! I am worn out with reflecting on your crimes, whilſt you are not yet weary of committing them ! ! not content with going to theſe academies of perverſion "*one of which alone would ſuffice for the ruin of a Republic*" as was ſo juſtly ſaid by the MOSES of our age (Jean Jacques Rouſſeau) your inſatiable thirſt for corruption leads you to keep alive the recollection and vibration of theſe tickliſh ſcenes, with the execrable peruſal of Novels and romances, until ſleep cloſes your eyelids—Is it to be wondered that ſo many Houſes are burned to the ground,

when, whilſt you are ſnoring and revelling once more in the repreſentation of the chineſe ſhadows which these curſed ſtudies, theſe curſed exhibitions have impreſſed in ſuch vivid colours, in the dark chambers of your imaginations, you leave your candles burning which ſet fire to your Bed, & thus diſpatch you already half roaſted into the red hot furnace of Lucifer! I Should not mourn *Progeny of Vipers*, if you were broiled alone, but muſt honeſt people who ſhed tears enough over your follies and your vices to turn the wheels of a Mill, muſt they too be expoſed to be fried alive for your paſtime! what buſineſs have you with reading the indecencies of a Horace or an Ovid, which ſo many ſilly pedagogues ſo imprudently put into the hands of young boys! what a fine example for our young girls is that Minx Clariſſa who deſerts her Father's houſe to go off with a charming Rogue! and where does he take her, where where where? Oh! oh! oh! . . . . where? where? oh! oh! I cannot even endure the diſguſting idea!!! talk to me too of another very moral conception, which, ſay they, has reſuſcitated the catholic religion in France—"which has a thouſand times raiſed towards the angels, the entranced eyes of myſtic Enthuſiaſts whilſt meditating upon the "*examination of virginity under its poetic relations*" (genie du chriſtianiſme Book 1 chap. 9.) tell me too of an Attala, who ſuffers herſelf to be ſo ſuddenly intereſted for the enemy of her country, who for a ſtranger betrays her fellow citizens, and ſo eaſily yields to the torrent of voluptuouſneſs "produced by the drops of rain which proceeded from the tempeſt of her heart and that of Chactas"!! genie du chriſtianiſme de chateaubriant Attala, page 88 French Edition.

And then if you dare, talk to me of the terrible Réne, in whom the same author gives to enraptured devotees so vast a field for meditation upon *incest;* come and recite to me for my edification, the ejaculatory orison with which another *Thamor* inspires him. "Ah!" says he, "could I have communicated to another the transports with which I was filled! . . . . . O, God! if thou hadst given me a wife congenial to my desires; if like our first Father, thou hadst led me another Eve, EXTRACTED FROM MY OWN BODY! . . . . . *Celestial Beauty!* I should have prostrated myself before thee—then folding thee in

my arms, I should have prayed to the Eternal to consecrate to thee the rest of my days! . . . . . for . . . . . said he a little higher up . . . . I feel as if the powers of life were redoubled within me, and as if I had VIGOUR TO CREATE NEW WORLDS!" Chateaubriant, vol. II. book IV. pages 186 and 187.

But why should we go so far to seek instances of the depravity of our age, and our inclinations? Have we not under our eyes an example of the infamy of novels in a recent production, terrible, odious, execrable, abominable, and infamous, which will forever destroy the innocence of our morals from Savannah to the ſhores where the Iroquois, the Tchicachas, the Topinambaus, and the Arthropaphagu present the smiling picture of the golden age!!

Yes, generation of vipers, you have before you this *rock of offence*, you have it in the impious and sacrilegious book, the monstrous production of which the Heavens had ſo clearly prognoſticated to you, in ſending you that comet, emerged from the bottomleſs gulph, which you would not take the trouble to contemplate. Oh! had you profited by the aſſiſtance of thoſe excellent SPECTACLES which are to be had at the *Point*, you would have diſtinctly read in this ſign of malediction, theſe dreadful words: CLARA D'ALBE! Then if more hardened than the Ninevites, you had not been inſenſible to all compunction; you would have ſeized the bookſeller, the printer, the printer's devils, the tranſlator, the corrector, the paper-merchant, and the letter-founder; and, like another Samuel, you would have cut theſe impure pagans into pieces, joining in one bonfire with them, the oil, the blacking, the balls, the ink, and even the pens which had ſerved to convey ſuch a ſtumbling block of abomination into the world: You would have pounded them all together in the grand mortar of Mahomet, and after having reduced the prophane compoſition to duſt, you would have ſcattered to the winds the reſidue of theſe impurities, as they once in a certain civilized country of the world, very evangelically, very philoſophically, and very patriotically, diſperſed the aſhes of the Huguenots and the refractory Jews.

And why not? Could public peace be preſerved if ſome poor devils were not now and then led to the gallows in

ſtate? Could the ſovereignty of the people be preſerved if from time to time, they did not cut off the heads of ſuch tyrants as Charles the I. or Louis the XVI? Would the independence of nations be any thing more than mere words? If they did not now and then renew national vigour in burning houſes, tarring and feathering citizens, and erecting permanent ſcaffolds for the re-eſtabliſhment of equality? Thus, therefore, to repreſs theſe preſumptuous geniuſes who dare to diſturb the domain and the vaſſals of folly—Let ſuch be declared *heretics*, *heathen*, and *state criminals*—Let their writings be prohibited, and ſo branded, that no one ſhall dare to read them under pain of *excommunication*—Let their *windows be broken*—Let all poſſible *affidavits* be made againſt them *ad libitum*—Let thoſe be implicitly believed, who, to accuſe them, make it their trade to become witneſſes—Let them be condemned to ſwallow hemlock like Socrates & Phocion, who had the audacity, the one to laugh, and the other to weep, at the follies of their age—Let the *People*, *always* juſt, and *always* enlightened, ſtone them to death; ſince the earth does not open and ſwallow up wretches who dare erect altars to . . . . . But I arreſt my pen—for I feel that human weakneſs would tempt me to utter propoſitions contrary to my nature, to that liberty of opinion which characteriſes our nation, and to that ſpirit of toleration, from which I can never deviate.

TO READERS.

The concluſion of the "Anatomical Deſcription of the Heart of a Coquette," promiſed in the preſent number of "The Obſerver," neceſſarily gave place to original articles of more intereſt.—It ſhall appear in our next.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

M. Guerin Peinet, Profeſſor of the French Language, in the Baltimore College, under the inſpection of Mr Knox, informs the Public that he purposes giving Leſſons of Latin, French, History and Arithmetic, every night from six o'clock until eight.

He refers those who may wish to employ him to Mr. Pacorais, Dr. Crawford or Mr. Pascault; his residence is at No. 34 South Charles Street.

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